

Gold!

I live in Cocoa Beach, Florida, and if the shooting war between staunch white Republicans and undocumented brown workers coincides with a Category-5 hurricane, blood will flow down from the causeways.

I hope to have a brick of Kraft cheese to strike a deal with a shattered guy bearing a loaf of bread.

I won't sell my cheese outright. No way.

And neither I nor my future survival partner will accept a bar of gold.